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STAR WARS®

JANGO FETT



RON MARZ | TOM FOWLER

The background of the poster is a blue-tinted image of a desert planet, likely Tatooine, with a cityscape visible in the distance. Overlaid on this is a white, glowing circuit board pattern. The title 'STAR WARS' is prominently displayed in the center in a large, red, blocky font with a black outline. Below it, 'JANGO FETT' is written in a smaller, red, italicized font with a black outline. On the right side, there is a green silhouette of a person's leg and foot, which is part of the character Jango Fett.

STAR WARS[®]

JANGO FETT

PEL - SLAVE - SLAVE - SLAVE - SLAVE

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STAR WARS®: JANGO FETT

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STAR WARS®

JANGO FETT



STORY BY	RON MARZ
ART BY	TOM FOWLER
LETTERING BY	DAN JACKSON

STAR WARS: JANGO FETT



ZAP!

POW!

**NOTHING STOPS
THE MANDALORIAN
WARRIOR!**





TRADE
FEDERATION
DROIDS ARE NO
MATCH FOR
HIM!

POW!



TIME TO EAT,
MASTER BOBA.

DO I HAVE
TO, MU-12? I
WANNA KEEP
PLAYING.

NOTHING
STOPS THE
MANDALORIAN
WARRIOR!

LUNCH
DOES.



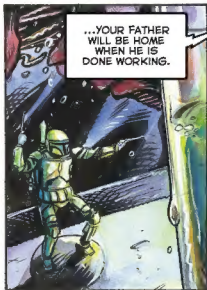
Ohhh...

...ALL
RIGHT.

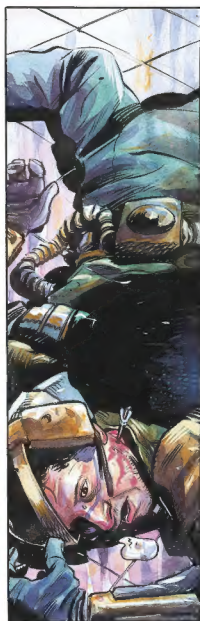


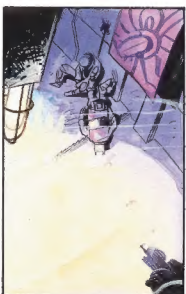
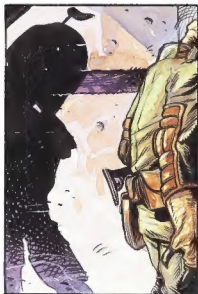
WHEN WILL
MY FATHER
BE HOME?

THE ANSWER
IS THE SAME
EVERY TIME
YOU ASK,
MASTER
BOBA...



...YOUR FATHER
WILL BE HOME
WHEN HE IS
DONE WORKING.



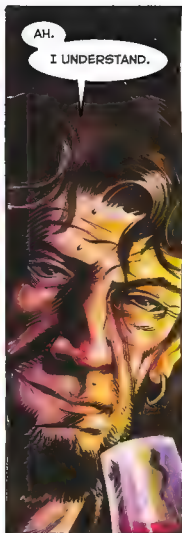
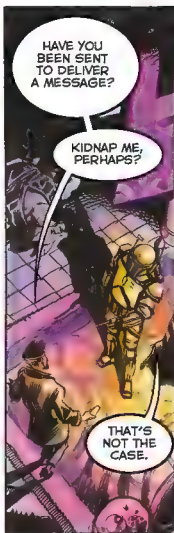


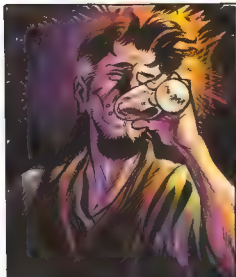


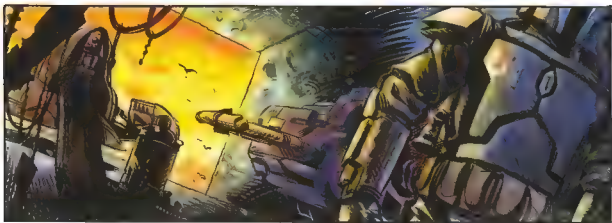
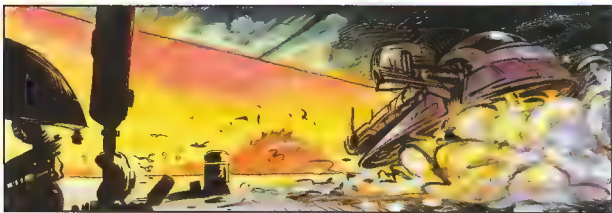
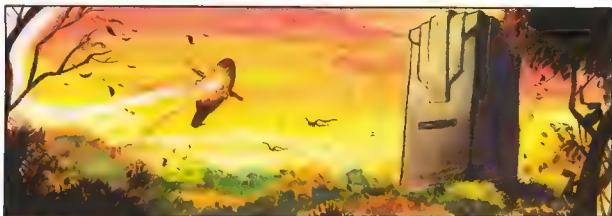
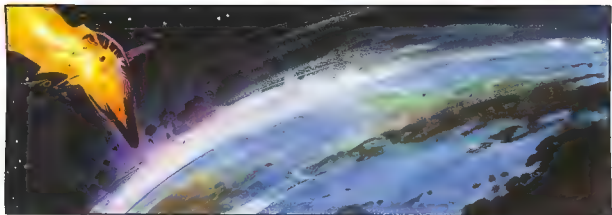


...HE CAN'T.











DREDDON?

DREDDON?
YOU AWAKE?



THE JOB'S
DONE. I'M HERE
TO COLLECT
MY--



DREDDON'S
NOT UP FOR
CONVERSATION
RIGHT
NOW.

TURN
AROUND,
JANGO...

A comic book panel featuring a woman with red hair, wearing a gold and black bikini, holding a handgun. She is looking towards a large, mechanical, purple and silver robot on the left. The background is dark with some green and purple lighting. The woman is speaking, and the robot is responding.

ZAM WESELL

YOU DO
RECOGNIZE ME.
I WASN'T SURE YOU
WOULD, GIVEN
MY STATE...

...OF UNDRESS.



JANGO!

I'M
INTIMATELY
FAMILIAR WITH
THAT FAST DRAW
OF YOURS,
JANGO.



IT'LL
BE YOUR
LAST DRAW
IF YOU TRY
ANYTHING
SUDDEN
AGAIN.



I ASSUME
THIS IS YOUR
HANDIWORK?

WASN'T THE
TOUGHEST
JOB I'VE
EVER HAD.

GOT
MYSELF INTO
HIS HAREM TO
GET NEAR HIM...
COVINCED HIM
TO DISMISS THE
REST OF THE
STAFF FOR THE
EVENING SO WE
COULD BE
ALONE.

HUTTS ARE
SO EASY TO
MANIPULATE.




I'LL BE PAID
HANDSOMELY
FOR THIS
ONE.




I'M
SUPPOSED
TO BE PAID
HANDSOMELY
BY
DREDDON!

I COMPLETED
A JOB HE HIRED
ME FOR, NOW HE OWES
ME THE BALANCE OF
THE CONTRACT.





MAYBE YOU
SHOULD CHOOSE
YOUR CONTRACTS
MORE CAREFULLY.



THIS WAS A HIGH-
PRICED JOB. YOU
THINK IT WAS EASY
TO KILL A VIGO?




WHAT?

YOU KILLED
VIGO ANTONIN?




I JUST
CAME FROM
DOING IT.


VIGO
ANTONIN HIRED
ME TO KILL
DREDDON!



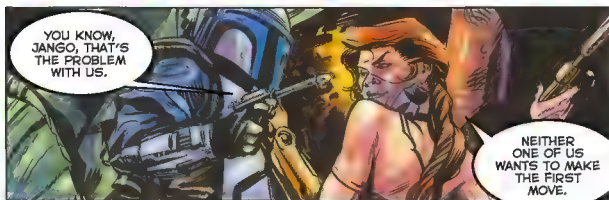
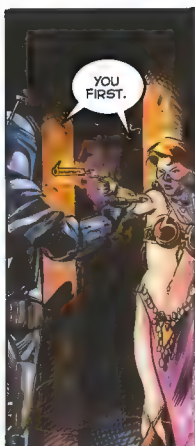
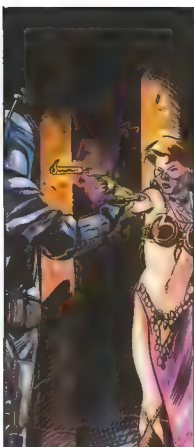
LOOKS LIKE
I'M NOT THE ONLY
ONE WHO WON'T
BE COLLECTING
A FEE.

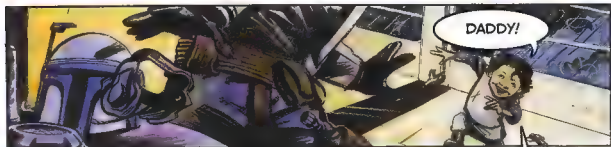
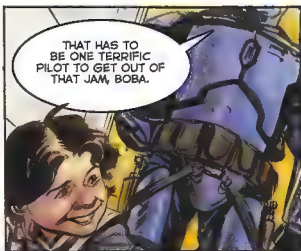


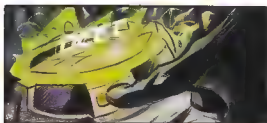
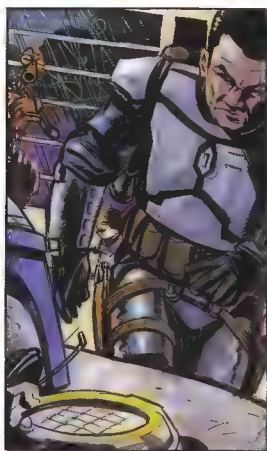
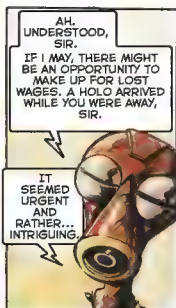
DAMN IT, JANGO,
DO YOU KNOW WHAT
I HAD TO GO THROUGH
TO GET CLOSE TO
THAT SLUG?

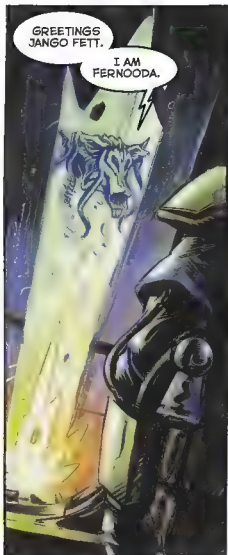


MAYBE
YOU SHOULD
CHOOSE YOUR
CONTRACTS
MORE
CAREFULLY.









GREETINGS
JANGO FETT.

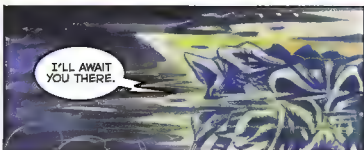
I AM
FERNOODA.



YOUR
REPUTATION AS
THE GALAXY'S GREATEST
BOUNTY HUNTER HAS BROUGHT
YOU TO THE ATTENTION OF MY
EMPLOYER, WHO WISHES TO HIRE
YOUR SERVICES.

THE EXACT
NATURE OF
THE JOB WILL BE
DISCUSSED ONLY IN
PERSON, BUT I CAN
TELL YOU THE FEE
BEING OFFERED
BY MY EMPLOYER
IS SIZABLE.

I CAN
BE CONTACTED
AT THE *TWIRLING
TWI'LEK* ON
CORUSCANT.

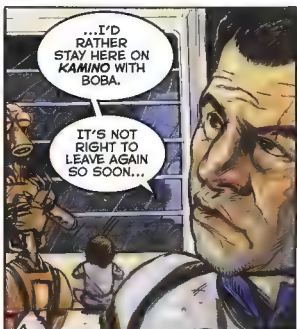


I'LL AWAIT
YOU THERE.



WILL YOU
BE TAKING
THE JOB,
SIR?

I'D
RATHER
NOT...



...I'D
RATHER
STAY HERE ON
KAMINO WITH
BOBA.

IT'S NOT
RIGHT TO
LEAVE AGAIN
SO SOON...



...BUT I DO
HAVE TO MAKE
UP FOR LOST
PROFITS ON THE
LAST JOB.



BOBA...

...WE
NEED TO
TALK.

YOU'RE
GOING AWAY
AGAIN, AREN'T
YOU?



YOU JUST
GOT HOME BUT
YOU'RE GOING
AWAY AGAIN.

I...

...YES.

SOMETHING'S
COME UP AND I
NEED TO TEND TO
IT. I'M SORRY, SON.
I SHOULDN'T BE
GONE LONG.

IT DOESN'T
MEAN I LOVE YOU
ANY LESS. YOU
UNDERSTAND THAT,
DON'T YOU?



I
UNDERSTAND,
BUT...

...DO YOU
HAVE TO GO
RIGHT NOW?

NO...



"...NOT
RIGHT NOW"



I'D DO
ALMOST ANYTHING
FOR A PEEK UNDER
THAT HELMET...



...ALMOST
ANYTHING.

NOT
TODAY...

I'M
HERE ON
BUSINESS.



YOU'RE
WALKING AWAY
FROM THE BEST TIME
YOU'LL EVER HAVE
ON CORSCANT!

HEY!



I'M
LOOKING
FOR A DUG
NAMED
FERNOODA.

I DON'T
KNOW ANYBODY
OR ANYTHING.

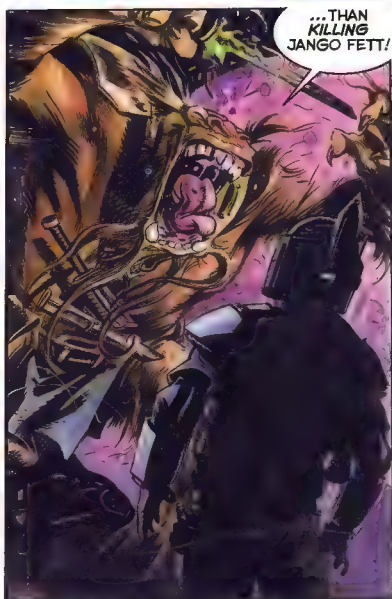
BEAT IT ...
UH...

S-SORRY,
J-JANGO --
I DIDN'T KNOW
IT WAS YOU!

HE'S IN THE
BACK. P-PLEASE,
NO TROUBLE,
ALL RIGHT?

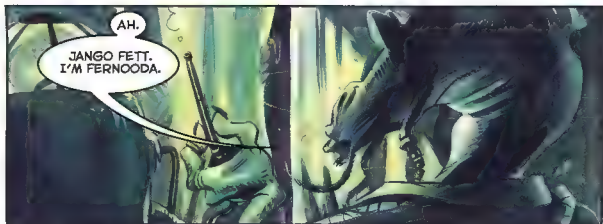
WE'LL SEE.

I KNOW YOU...



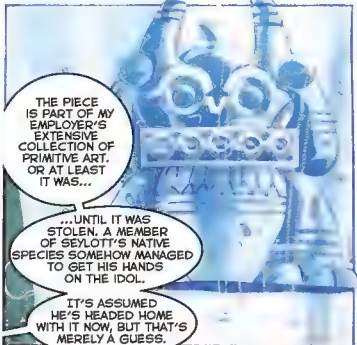








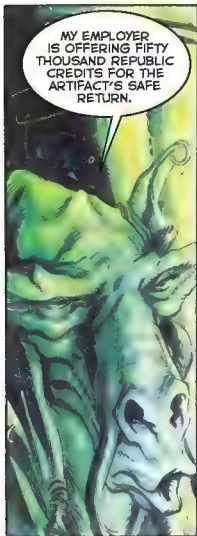
IT'S A RARE ARTIFACT FROM THE PLANET SEYLOTT, A RELIGIOUS IDOL OF THE INDIGENOUS CULTURE.



THE PIECE IS PART OF MY EMPLOYER'S EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF PRIMITIVE ART. OR AT LEAST IT WAS...

...UNTIL IT WAS STOLEN. A MEMBER OF SEYLOTT'S NATIVE SPECIES SOMEHOW MANAGED TO GET HIS HANDS ON THE IDOL.

IT'S ASSUMED HE'S HEADED HOME WITH IT NOW, BUT THAT'S MERELY A GUESS.



MY EMPLOYER IS OFFERING FIFTY THOUSAND REPUBLIC CREDITS FOR THE ARTIFACT'S SAFE RETURN.



THAT'S A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY FOR A CURIO.

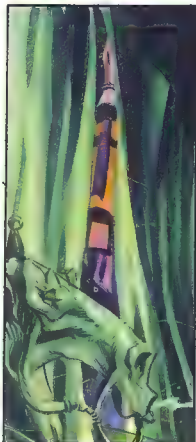
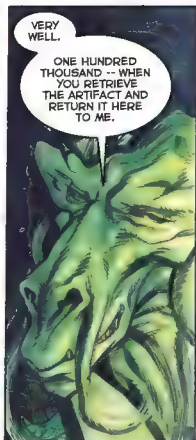
AS I SAID, IT'S A RARE PIECE.

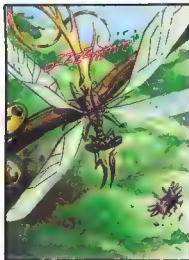
AND MY EMPLOYER IS QUITE PROUD OF HIS COLLECTION.



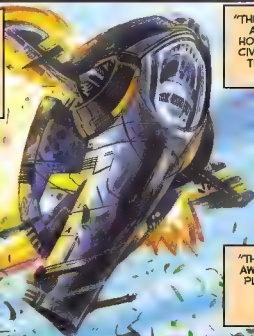
I DON'T TAKE ANY JOB UNLESS I KNOW WHO I'M WORKING FOR.

MM, YES. I'M AFRAID MY EMPLOYER WISHES TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS. HENCE THE HANDSOME STIPEND OFFERED FOR THE ARTIFACT'S RETRIEVAL.





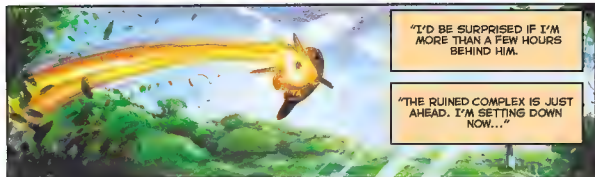
"I'VE REACHED SEYLOTT AND DESCENDED THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE. DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THERE'S MUCH DOWN THERE BESIDES JUNGLE.



"THE NATIVES ARE PRIMITIVE, APPARENTLY DYING OUT. HOWEVER IMPRESSIVE THEIR CIVILIZATION MIGHT'VE BEEN, THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT OF IT NOW.

"THE THIEF MUST'VE STOWED AWAY ON A SHIP TO GET OFF PLANET, BECAUSE THERE'S NO WAY THE SEYLOTT'S HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY THEMSELVES.

"EVERY LEAD I'VE FOLLOWED CONFIRMS THE THIEF WAS ON HIS WAY HERE, PROBABLY TO RESTORE THE IDOL TO ITS ORIGINAL PLACE IN THEIR HOLY TEMPLE.



"I'D BE SURPRISED IF I'M MORE THAN A FEW HOURS BEHIND HIM.

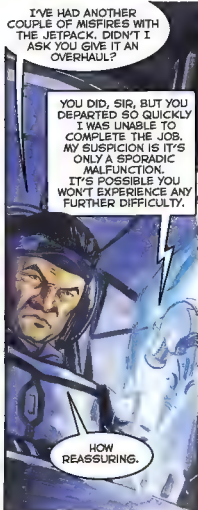
"THE RUINED COMPLEX IS JUST AHEAD. I'M SETTING DOWN NOW..."



...SO I DOUBT THIS
SHOULD TAKE MUCH LONGER, MU-12.
I EXPECT TO BE HOME WITHIN
A DAY. MAYBE LESS.

HOW'S
BOBA?

MISSING HIS
FATHER, BUT
OTHERWISE
QUITE WELL,
SIR.



I'VE HAD ANOTHER
COUPLE OF MISFIRES WITH
THE JETPACK. DIDN'T I
ASK YOU GIVE IT AN
OVERHAUL?

YOU DID, SIR, BUT YOU
DEPARTED SO QUICKLY
I WAS UNABLE TO
COMPLETE THE JOB.
MY SUSPICION IS IT'S
ONLY A SPORADIC
MALFUNCTION.
IT'S POSSIBLE YOU
WON'T EXPERIENCE ANY
FURTHER DIFFICULTY.

HOW
REASSURING.

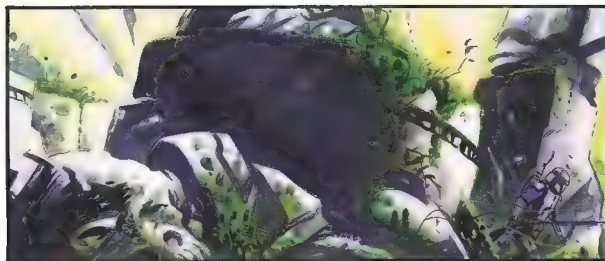
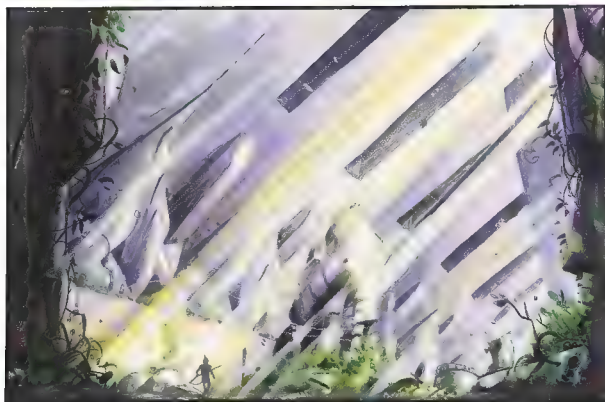
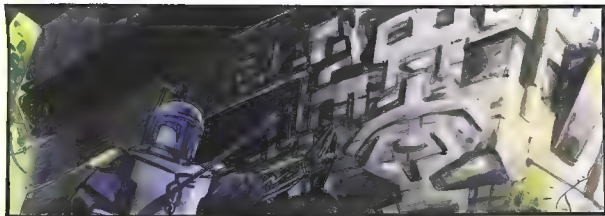


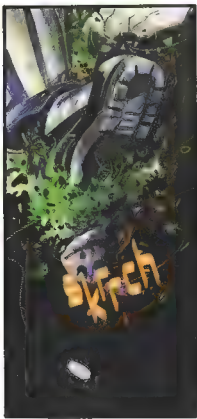
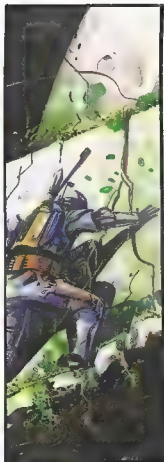
GOOD LUCK AND
GOOD HUNTING,
SIR. I'M SURE
YOUR QUARRY IS --

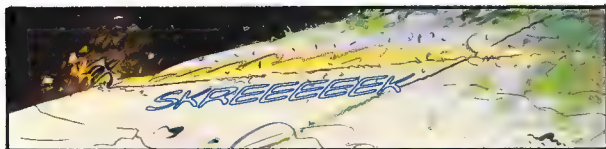


SELL
YOU FOR
SCRAP IF YOU
DIDN'T TAKE SUCH
GOOD CARE OF
MY SON.

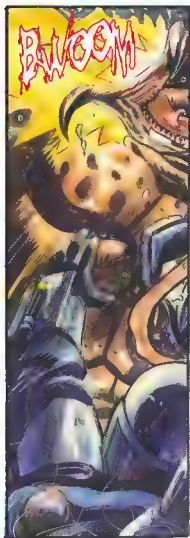
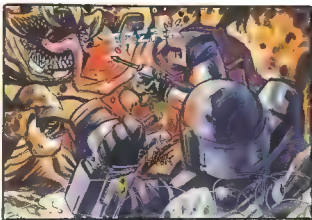


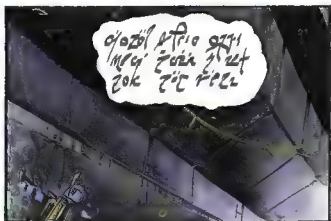




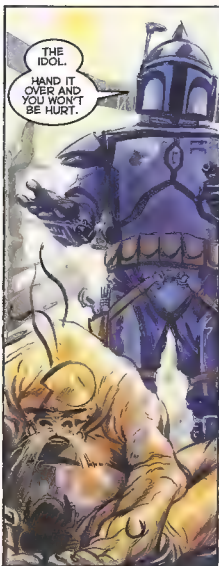


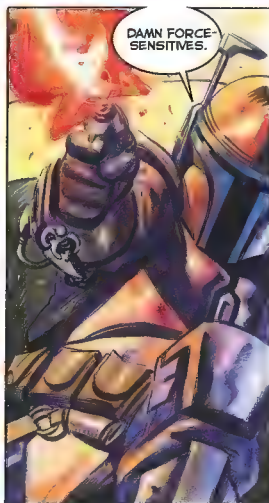
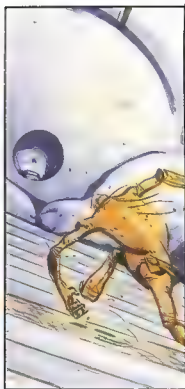


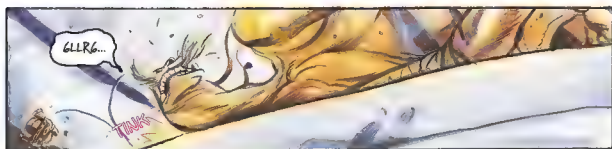
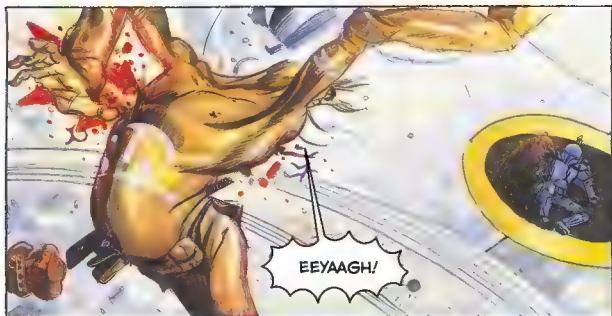




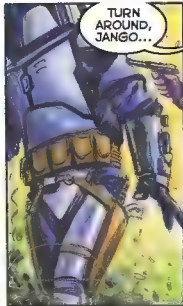
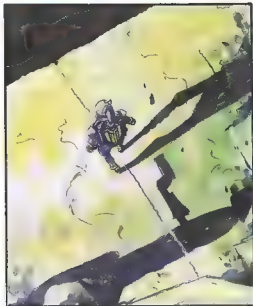
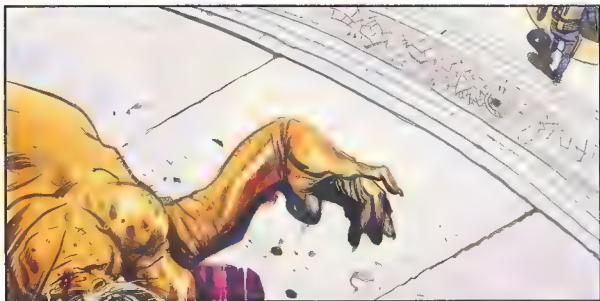
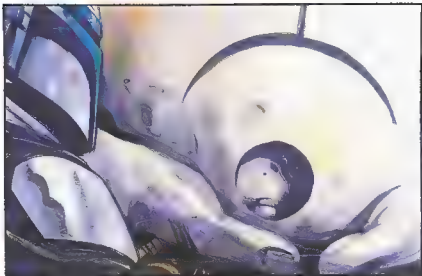
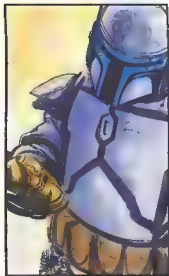




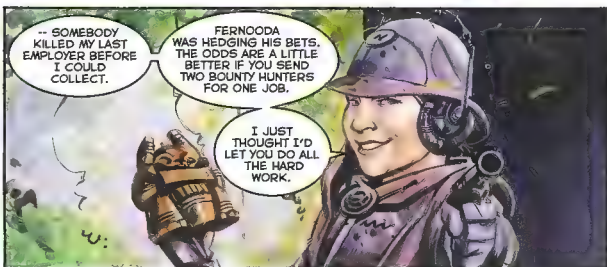


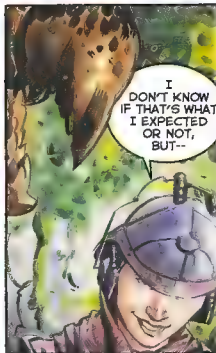
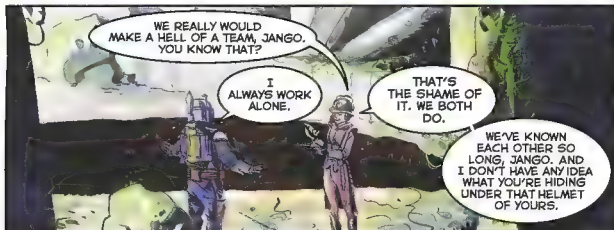


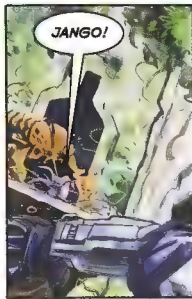
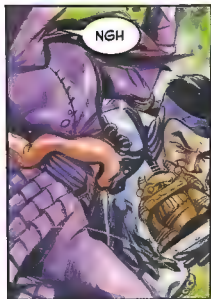


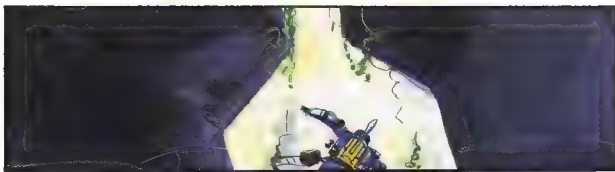
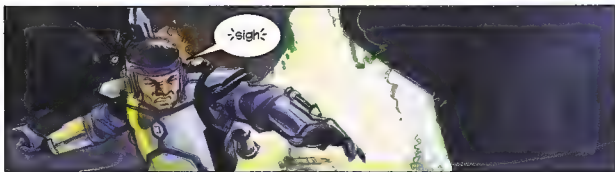
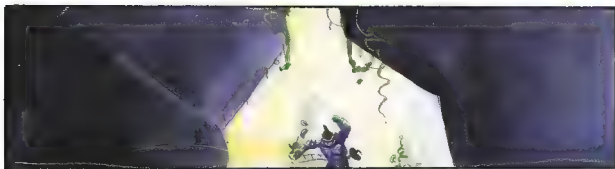
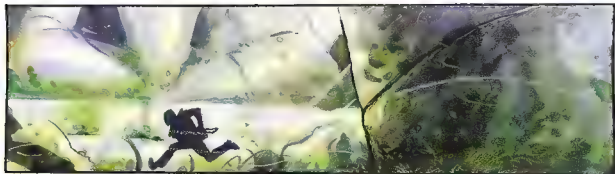


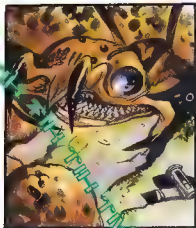
TURN
AROUND,
JANGO...



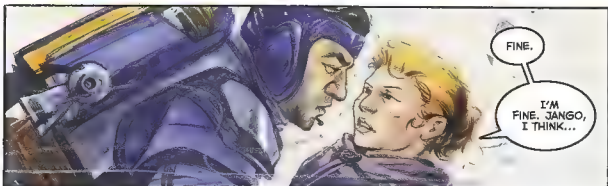
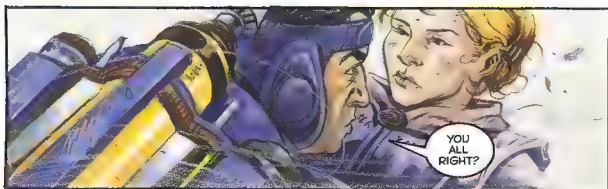


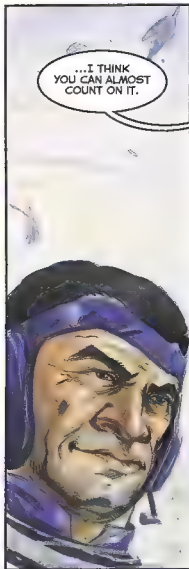
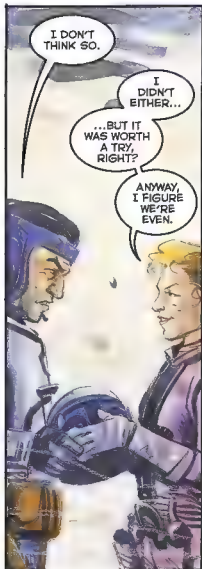












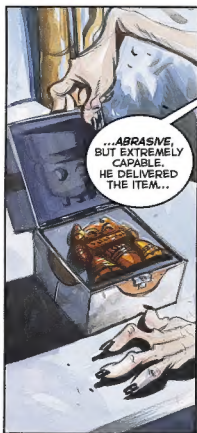






THE
BOUNTY HUNTER
SUSPECTS
NOTHING.

HE WAS
AS YOU SAID HE
WOULD BE...



...ABRASIVE,
BUT EXTREMELY
CAPABLE.
HE DELIVERED
THE ITEM...



...AND AS
YOU CAN SEE,
IT'S IN PERFECT
CONDITION.



JUST AS IMPORTANTLY,
GENERAL, NEITHER YOUR IDENTITY
NOR YOUR INVOLVEMENT
WAS COMPROMISED.

EXCELLENT.

YOUR HANDLING OF
THE MATTER SPEAKS WELL
OF YOUR DEVOTION TO
THE CAUSE, FERNOODA.





ARE YOU
GOING TO BE **STAYING**
AWHILE THIS TIME,
DADDY?

DON'T
WORRY, BOBA.

NOTHING
COULD DRAG
ME AWAY.

END

TOM
FOW
LEW
DUP

JANGO FETT

...the heir to armor of an infamous Mandalorian Warrior, the most feared bounty hunter in the galaxy, and the loving father to a very special son.

When he is hired by a mysterious unseen employer to retrieve an ancient alien artifact, Jango Fett has no idea that his path will cross with that of a woman from his past—the beautiful, deadly Zam Wesell—the only other bounty hunter worthy of being called Fett's equal, and who is seeking the same prize. Somebody is playing them against one another, and their survival will depend on whether they decide to be allies or adversaries. . .



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